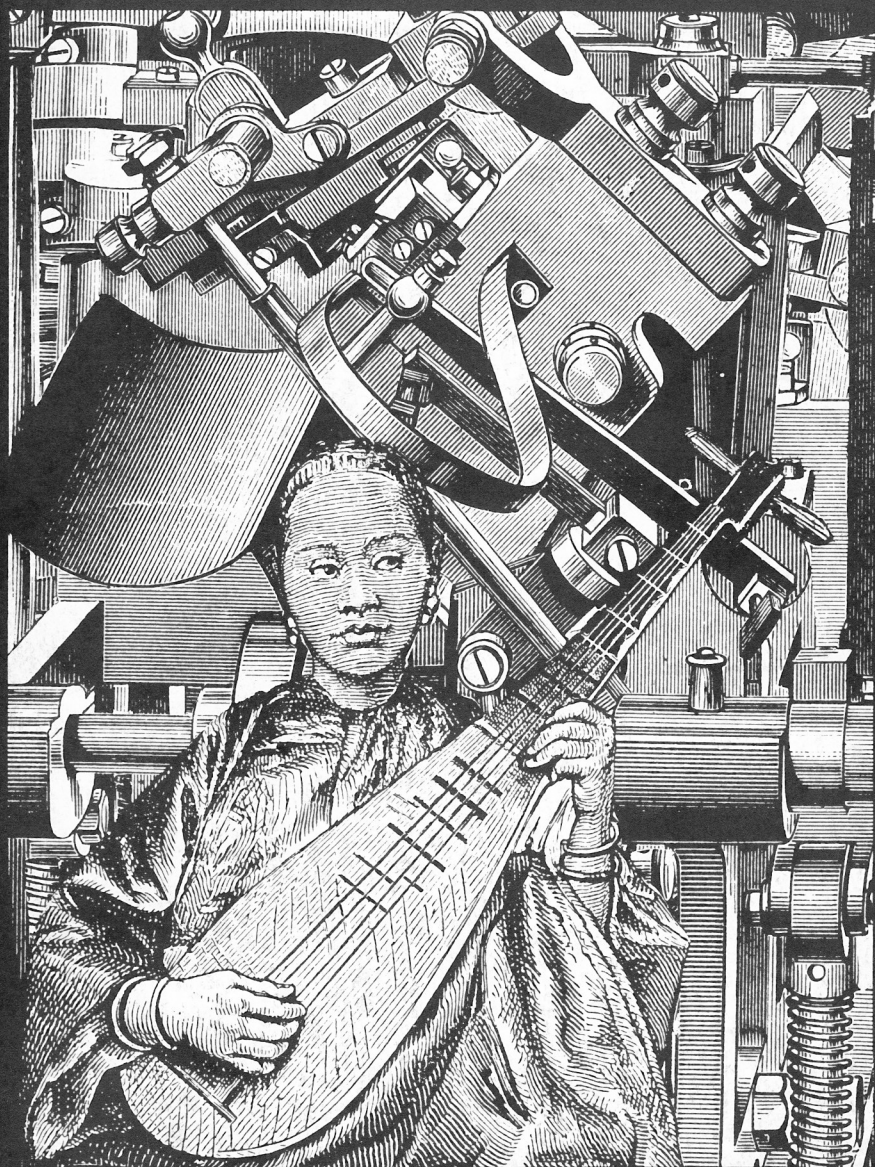


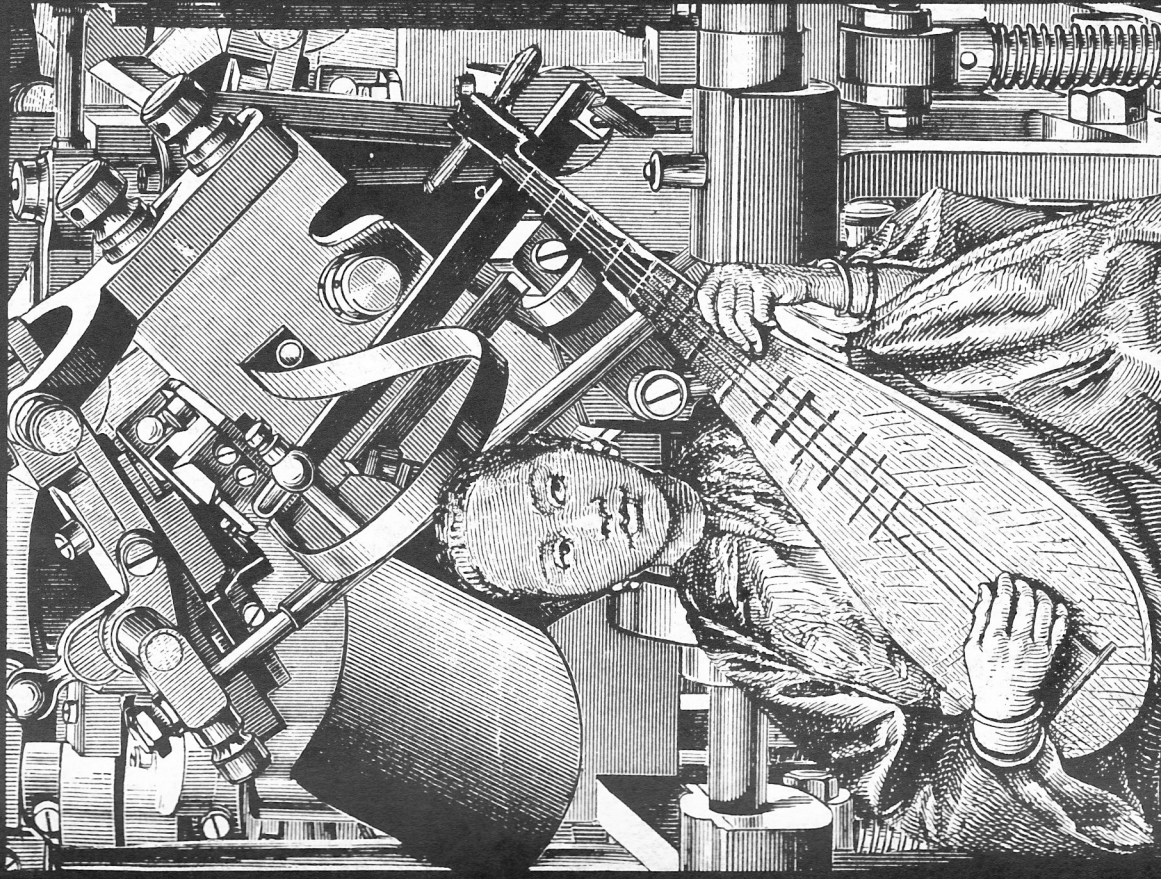
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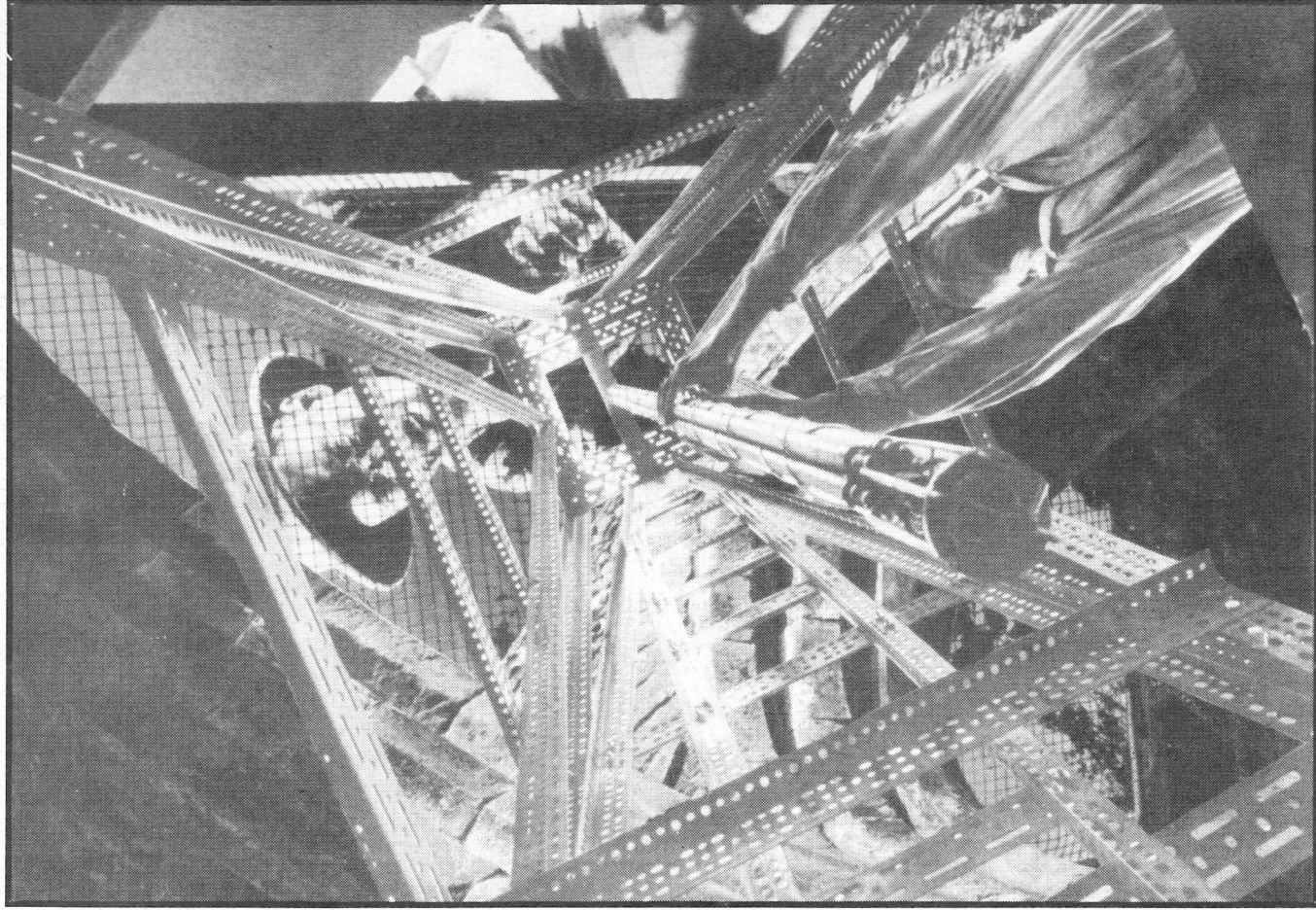
LIVE & KICKING #5

KOMOTION

International



LIVE & KICKING #5



Collage by Johann Humyn-Being



New Earth Press

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For this issue some special thanks are in order. First, to Ann Dentel for stepping in to put together the sound portion of the mag. Second, to Judge for coming to the rescue of "News & Reviewz." Third, to Annika Kahn for coming through with some great photos and great shows she was instrumental in bringing to Komotion. Finally, thanks again and always to Sal Garcia and Freddie Baer for keeping open eyes filled with beauty.

ABOUT THIS ISSUE

SHOW SOME I.D.

B. Traven was the author of a book called *The Death Ship*. (He is most famous for having written *Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, later made into the Bogart picture) He himself was never certainly identified. Many theories as to his origins, political affiliations and place of death have been put forward. But that's another story. In *The Death Ship*, the protagonist is a young sailor who, in the years shortly after WWI with all the resulting changes in boundaries and nationality, loses his identification (passport, seaman's papers, everything). He then endures the slow, grinding wheels of bureaucracy as he attempts to find employment, to be able to travel, just to survive. At every border, at every embassy, at every turn he is met by the ubiquitous "official" demanding some proof of his identity.

With no "official" document testifying to his birth into this world, our hero becomes literally a man without a country, without a place in society; organically alive, but dead as stone in the world of people. His only recourse is to ship out on what was commonly known in the first half of this century as a "death ship." This was a craft whose main purpose for sailing was not the delivery of cargo (although running guns, or other contraband was commonly part of their function) but to be deliberately sunk for the insurance money. The men who worked these vessels knew what lay in store but could not know when or where they were to be destroyed. They had to be desperate men indeed. They were, in a sense, already dead.

Where were you born? What passport do you carry? Want to work, travel, buy property, have children? I can't believe who you tell me you are, you have to show some ID!

— M.C.

HOW DO I HAVE TO LOOK TO TELL THE TRUTH?

Lines blur, motion is continuous, repetition never exact. Billboards scream: "Image Is Everything!," "Why Ask Why!" Accepting *appearance* as truth is a carefully constructed barrier that must be broken through in order to engage in the struggle against falsehood. I say carefully constructed because there are forces at work in society that have a vested interest in preventing access to the process; to limiting participation to those who are systematically groomed to fight against only those falsehoods that threaten the status quo. Special dispensations are given to those who can appear to be striving for truth, justice, freedom, etc. but who are in fact perpetuating, indeed, expanding the scope of the lie.

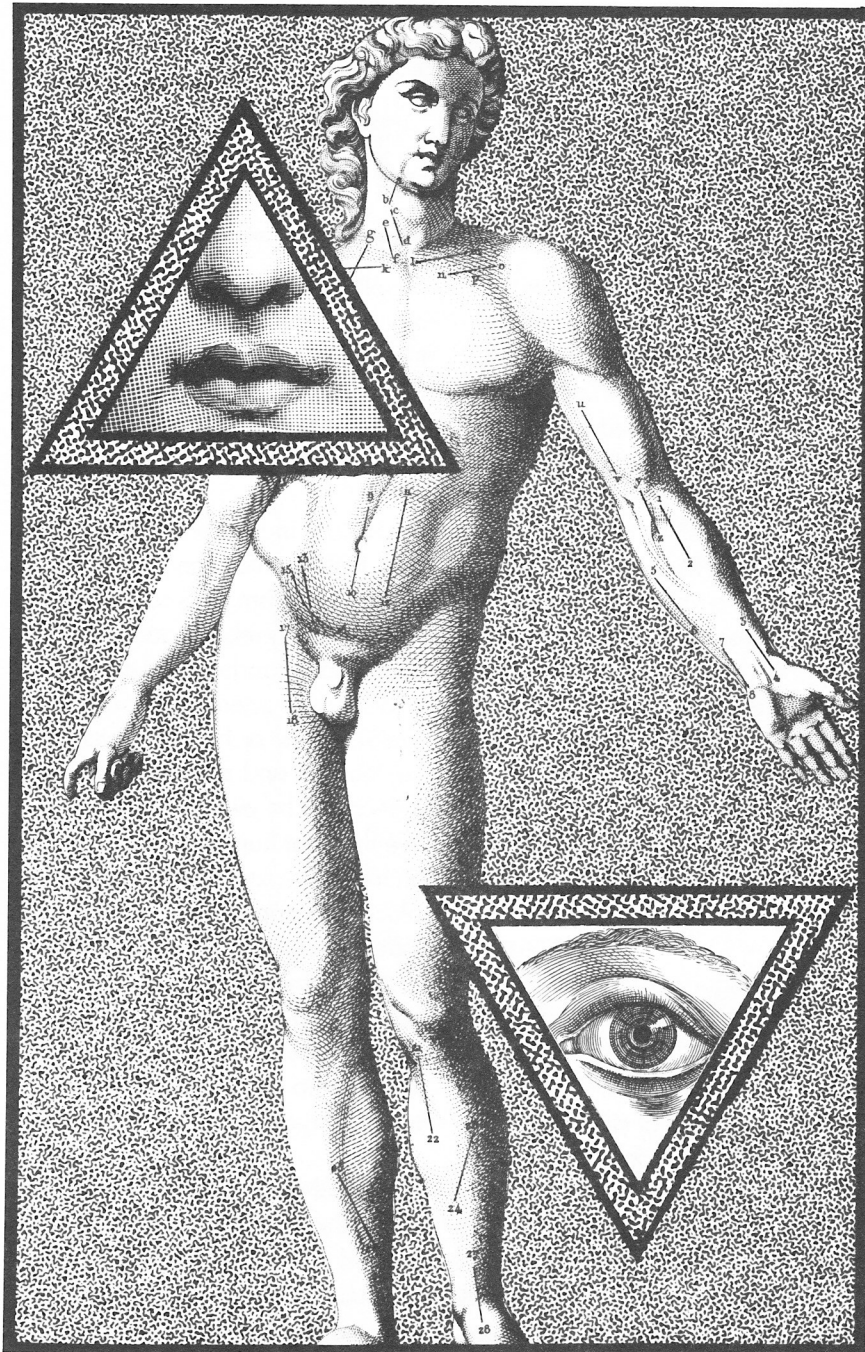
Costume. Disguise. Mask. Shadow.
Uniform. Flag. Passport. Identity.

Power wears these well. The ruthless succeed in a world of surfaces in contact, apparitions in conflict; the friction throwing sparks and no one really knowing what's going on. Most people will say that fame and gain is the name of the game. Power is what it's all about. But does this knowledge protect

people from the charlatan, the manipulator, the demagogue? Why do the same people who say confidently they're "street wise" fall for the ruses and hoaxes that have been run out for so damned long?!?

The need to inquire and to understand is a fundamental component of the human organism. This constantly and spontaneously rebels against the limits of dogma, orthodoxy and the LAW. In a society characterized by property—everything is, or has the potential to be, bought and sold; nothing exists that cannot be owned—it is imperative that that human impulse be continuously channeled into the marketplace where appearance is what sells. Indeed, precisely because people are drawn intuitively to experience the relationship between mystery, curiosity and possibility, it is toward that relationship that power flows in order to contain, direct and exploit it.

This is not done, in the main, by overt repression. Rather, people are bombarded with contradictory "truths," platitudes, bumper-sticker philosophy and sound-bites. We are nudged or



bullied into conforming to the views expressed most widely or forcefully by those with whom we socialize. We are taught morality, right and wrong. We are taught there's a sucker born every minute. We are taught the golden rule. We are taught that he who has the gold makes the rules. We are taught that all humanity is one. We are taught to fear and blame the ones who don't look like us. We find ourselves locked in a very real life and death struggle with nothing but confusion, cynicism and despair to guide us. We remain mystified by the invisible hands that control our fate, our curiosity is transformed into fear and our possibilities are limited to what it takes to survive.

When people are engaged in the struggle against oppression for any length of time they tend toward supporting and uniting with others struggling against oppression; toward seeking common cause against a common enemy. When people are using the struggle against oppression to further their own careers, to seek fame and gain, they tend to guard their turf like a capitalist protecting his market, an inventor protecting his exclusive right to a patented invention. In other words, the struggle becomes a form of property and ownership is jealously guarded. Then, often bitterly disillusioned, people retreat to the trivial and superficial because it seems that the truth can only be: "I, Me, Mine!"

We begin to look to experts, priests, doctors, politicians, rock stars, anyone who might have a connection to the truth. We seek arbitrators "outside" and "objective" to judge the merits of our grievances and give a verdict by which all must be governed. But authority is derived from authority. Credentials are given by those measured successful in society's eyes. Thus, poor people may be inclined to believe a rich man before another poor one. He is successful, he must know the truth. We may even find ourselves muttering, "Might makes right..."

Of course, this can be easily applied in its inverted form to the opposition as well. Here the credentials required to speak truth are membership in a particular oppressed group—a worker, a homosexual, a black person, a woman, etc. Here one's genetic makeup or inherited social status automatically makes them truth tellers. The fact that hypocrites, liars and fools come in all shapes and sizes must be continually disregarded because the validity of a group member's credentials must not be called into question. This is the hand of GOD stamping "birthright" on one's passport into the holy city of the chosen. Instead of the permanence of struggle we have the permanence of the tomb. Instead of opposition to oppression we have opposition to struggling to know. Privately, we can have sex with any of our species. We can make babies. But publicly we cannot

stand with humanity. Then we are cast out, stripped of our credentials, members of no group at all!

This is the threshold of *nowtime*. At this doorway being human ends and begins. One is not welcomed by flags, one is branded a traitor. One is not celebrated in song, one is cursed as a threat to the ideology binding together the group. One is not trusted as a seeker of truth but feared and loathed as a deviant.

Being human means being excluded.

Slavery has been abolished, legally, throughout the world. People owning other people has been replaced by people owning themselves. This does not fundamentally change the relations between people because we are still property for sale in the marketplace. When people band together it is to increase their bargaining power, not to end the relations that make all people things. When people organize to resist oppression it has been relatively easy to subvert this effort with the methods of divide and rule and buying off with promises of better terms in the social contract because we can only think in terms of "what's mine?" Even different people's particular histories are reduced to bargaining chips in negotiations over the division of spoils. Thus we witness the spectacle of oppressed groups in this country fighting in the name of their group's heroic struggle

GLOSSARY OF TERMS

POLITICS: WHO'S BOSS

ECONOMICS: WHOSE PROPERTY

SOCIETY: WHO'S INVITED

CULTURE: WHO'S WHO

RELIGION: WHO'S GOD

PHILOSOPHY: WHO KNOWS

AMERICA: WHO CARES

against oppression for a piece of the American Pie which is itself a product of the continued oppression and exploitation of the people of the world!

It took ten years of media manipulation but the word *liberation* has disappeared from popular usage to be replaced by *empowerment*, with all its contradictory implications.

The fact is, actual slavery exists and is legally sanctioned everywhere (including in this country) in the form of female and child labor. This is what all the family values and fundamentalist religious bullshit is about: the wealth of modern industrial society was built on the barely or unpaid labor of women and children. Obviously, males were enslaved as well. But the idealized

image of the chattel or the wage slave as a big, heroic, oxen-like man is factually inaccurate and has been systematically perpetuated by both proponents and opponents of slavery because none dare question the underlying assumption that women and children are the property of men. (It was only in the aftermath of WWII that child labor was legislated out of favor in the industrialized countries and the image of the housewife, the happy homemaker was popularized for the masses. Thus, even though bearing and raising children, cooking, cleaning, and managing the household is certainly productive work, in the popular consciousness women were idealized not as producers but as consumers. And silly, frivolous ones at that.) Indeed, today, the electronics industry, the clothing industry and most of the world's agricultural production is still run mainly on the backs of women and children.

Furthermore, human reproduction is controlled by the state and the church. Female controlled contraception, abortion and family planning are under attack after a brief upsurge in the 70's and 80's. Women not only don't control their own bodies (and the chaotic growth of the world population reflects this) but they are kept ignorant so as to be more docile. In many societies, girl babies are less desirable than boy babies and while the education of all children is poor, for girls it is frequently nonexistent or strictly limited.

So when I speak of people being property, I do not speak metaphorically. I speak of a real condition that exists in fact but is obscured by a haze of conflicting claims raging like a sandstorm through human relations. Everyone charges everyone else. Everyone brings proof of their origin and birthright to the table. The *appearance* of a militant struggle for change is used to cover up the *reality* that women and children, the majority of our species, will remain in their place. We see the absurdity of people denouncing the fundamentalists in the US and defending the cultural right of ethnic and religious groups to practice clitoridectomy!

Meanwhile, the exploration of the universe is conducted in semi-secrecy by the priesthood of science, funded by the owners of all things, the findings to be patented and turned into fuel for their great furnaces out of which will spring more of the self-replicating production/consumption devices people, in many ways, have become.

For example — the Human Genome Project. Who even knows about it? Do you? Decoding the information contained in each human gene is being done now. Its completion is expected around the year 2000. Imagine what this will enable the owners of this information to do. Perhaps a cure for AIDS. Perhaps a cure for cancer. Perhaps a cure for rebellion. Perhaps a

means to reproduce humans without women. PREDICTION: the findings will be patented. Who we are, our species, will be owned, in blueprint form by Lever Brothers, Upjohn, Dow Chemical, Union Carbide, Genentech, etc., etc.

Consent is, as I said before, being manufactured partly by coercion (the police, the army and other thugs) but mainly by saturating popular consciousness with the property ideal. This means not only its physical existence but its mystical attributes as well. Property = empowerment. Property = fulfillment. Property = happiness. Property = LIFE! The triumph of capitalism will mean everyone's a capitalist! Gone forever will be the age-old aspiration of the people to share, in common, the fruits of nature and our labor in a global community of mutual respect. Gone forever will be the angry denunciations of injustice and oppression that have spoiled so many dinner parties. Gone forever will be the specter that haunted Europe (and the world) of revolution and liberation. In its place we will all share in the conquest of nature and each other. We will reign, a genetically engineered, uniformly beautiful, species of entrepreneurs!

Rejecting this vision means risking your life. It means failure in this society's eyes. It means casting your lot with people you can't immediately identify by appearance and with forces of

nature you cannot control. It means continuously struggling to know what has happened in the universe over the course of millions of years and grappling with the conflicting ideas and interpretations that are vying for the hearts and minds of the people today. It means recognition that the very diversity which was a necessary mechanism for the evolution of life, and in particular human life, is the way truth manifests itself. Not diversity because it is politically correct, or because there are many truths available in the shopping mall of philosophy. But it is diversity to which we all belong and it is only possible to turn that into a meaningful set of social relations when the participants in the process don't view the diversity as belonging to them. Grand Unification Theories are dead. No one has a monopoly on good or evil. Not in history or in the present. This is Armageddon. Every day is Judgement Day. But there is no Messiah to redeem us and to subdue the Antichrist. This time we have to do it ourselves.

— Mat Callahan

NU BOOTS

Birthright
In your hormones
You belong here
Now that you're born
Have a taste
Of blood and iron
Tongues of fire
Lick your lips

wearing

Proudly
Proudly

Nu Boots

Sleep in fear
Wake to drumbeats
March to slaughter
Enemies
You were down once
Now you're victorious
Keep the scum
Under your heel

wearing

Proudly
Proudly

Nu Boots

This time
It will be different
We will set right
All the wrongs
We're better, yes
New and improved
Chosen people
Walk like this

wearing

Proudly
Proudly

Nu Boots

— Looters



NEXT DAY

October 4 through 11, 1992, the First International Minoan Celebration of Partnership was held on Crete. Mat Callahan was invited to represent Komotion. This is his report.

Two days back and my thoughts are still flying. The conference sent people out from Crete as emissaries for some sort of renewed effort to transform society. Certainly, the content of the suggestions, the connections made and the sheer effort expended will give shape to further activity in the coming year. But at the moment I am still in the process of trying to assimilate the data and situate the event in a historical continuum.

I think that it would be useful to examine the process in relation to other, existing social trends. For example, the continued efforts of anarchists, communists, environmentalists, etc. It is not clear yet what impact this conference will have on these already constituted social movements. But it is possible to outline a few of the contributions it should make to public debate over the road ahead for humanity. Central to these will be the question of gender. In the tradition of communism this has been referred to as "the woman question". Phrased this way it has been objectively divorced from the fundamental premise of the production relations that form the basis of the Marxist critique. This has led to a glaring error in the analysis of eco-

nomie and political forces at work in the capitalist mode. The fact is that women make up the majority of humanity and an even larger majority of the working classes (peasantry included). Furthermore, in measuring the actual value created by the unpaid labor of women in the home, in the rearing of children and in the general societal practices surrounding families and communities, one discovers a vast quantity unaccounted for and yet absolutely essential that has been systematically deprived of its social, economic and political significance. It is as if it didn't exist. And yet it is absurd to contemplate human life without it!

This salient truth must stand as a profound question for all social activists and the movements to which they are allied. None can claim to represent the interests of humanity without considering it and its impact on their respective agendas and demands. This alone would make the work of the conference worthy of serious study and discussion as it contains not only penetrating critique but also, potentially, a limitless new resource in the struggle for liberation.

But there's more. By defining the alternative social models as "Partnership" vs. "Dominant" an essence in social relations is more completely revealed than in previous attempts. It is, perhaps, more vague and less specific, but at the same time it goes directly to the heart of our experience and leaves no room for doubt as to which model is preferable for most people. This is not true of nationalist,

anarchist or even class derived categorizations as each of those leave essential elements of oppressive social relations unmentioned and *unobserved* even while they are experienced.

Simplicity does not necessitate simplistic interpretations of process. The opposite happened in fact. There was raging controversy; a rather hodgepodge, internally contradictory "program" emerged that was certainly no "party line", and perhaps most interesting, a possibility began to emerge that was hard for me to imagine prior to the event. This was the creation of an arena in which true diversity could not just peacefully coexist (a questionable proposition at that) but, much more importantly, could mutually reinforce the disparate but component parts. Now, it's certainly true that there was a general sense that great injustices had been perpetrated on the world's peoples by the forces of Western capitalist, technologic, mechanistic and militaristic civilization. Poorly defined as that remains it serves as a locus for the orientation of a social movement that is clearly aimed at drawing together and linking otherwise marginalized and, to varying degrees, demoralized sectors of resistance.

At the same time, frankly, there were aspects of the conference I vigorously oppose. These include a strong anti-rationalist current which tended to reinforce an outright religious one which teetered dangerously near the brink of "new age" millenarianism. Taken together these tendencies represent a rejection of the possibility of social revolution and

constitute a threat to the inclusion of millions of people from throughout the world whose own experience has taught them that only through collective action, mass protest and struggle has anything ever been achieved.

However, while never overtly denounced or even criticized, these tendencies were, rather, overwhelmed by the energy and enthusiasm of an array of speakers, proposals, testimonials and discussions that flowed from and centered around the real concerns of the majority of the world's population, who are, after all, women and children. What this suggests is that, while clarification is certainly useful, perhaps an error of rationalism, itself, is an undue emphasis on purity of thought and the exclusion of actuality from the theoretical formulation of principles. In other words, it may be that by the very inclusion of trends and tendencies anathema to it, reason invigorates it self. It certainly has to make a greater effort. (Of course, this could turn out badly if people were swept away in some kind of fervor, religious or otherwise. But, at the moment, this is a risk I am willing to take as long voices such as my own are not silenced by a creeping conformism.)

It must be noted that people worked hard. Meetings were continuous, around the clock and it is remarkable that within the very limited time we had, so many actual suggestions, both theoretical and practical, were put before the conference. If these are carried out or even begun it will definitely make a difference to myriad

struggles going on in isolation world-wide. The creation of an independent, non-governmental network of communication/resource sharing for use by everyone in the world would greatly change what we know and do. If the emphasis the conference placed on child-rearing, health education, and community self-reliance is implemented widely, this will have social repercussions in the political and economic spheres. If practical steps toward cooperatives in different fields of production and exchange are carried forward from their tentative beginnings and new ones are initiated this could lead toward viable alternatives to the prevailing capitalist and socialist systems. Indeed, the challenge the conference put to all the participants was to intensify efforts to deepen our grasp of what in previous revolutionary theory and practice has been useful or destructive, not measured in terms of economic, political and military "strength" but in terms of an holistic evaluation of the effects on relations between people and between people and nature.

Human society has been locked in bloody conflict for thousands of years. *The Chalice and the Blade* and this conference are a product of that history. With this perspective it is possible to reassert age-old demands for liberation but to consciously include all humans in making them. It is possible to begin envisioning a world that has learned from the mistakes of those who've tried to change it. It is possible to think of and to work for a total transformation of human society.

PARTICIPATORY DEMOCRACY

How Could It Work?

In the United States most people believe in democracy, but our institutions are profoundly *undemocratic*. In government, in business, in volunteer organizations, even in some collectives, democracy is the exception rather than the rule.

I suspect that this is not news to readers of *Komotion International*. In fact, some of you could probably analyze the problems of our undemocratic institutions in great detail. But it's not enough to criticize the way things are. If we're ever going to change things, we have to be able to propose something better. Otherwise we won't even know what we're fighting for, and we certainly aren't going to convince many other people to join us. We need a compelling vision of a better way of doing things. For me, the essence of this vision was expressed very well by Riane Eisler and David Loye in Mat Callahan's interview in the last two issues of this magazine¹. They spoke in terms of moving from a society based on *domination* to a society based on *partnership*.

It seems to me that a society based on partnership must incorporate the principle of participatory democracy — that people should participate as equals in making the decisions that affect them. Most of you would probably agree. But how could participatory democracy work? Sure, it might work in a Greek city-state or a small New England town. But what about San Francisco, or California, or the U.S.A.? It's going to be very hard to make progress toward participatory democracy if we can't explain how it could work.





I don't think anybody has completely figured out how participatory democracy could work. However, there are people who have made a lot of progress on some parts of this problem, even though their ideas are not well known yet. I'm writing this article to let people know about these ideas, as well as some of my ideas. Hopefully some of you will get inspired and add *your* ideas. If so, then I'll consider this article a success.

First I need to define what I mean by participatory democracy and explain why I think it matters. Then I'll present some exciting proposals about participatory democracy in politics (Murray Bookchin and Howard Hawkins' "confederate municipalism") and in economics (Albert and Hahnel's "participatory economics"). Then I will discuss three issues of large scale democratic decision making: values, process, and structure.

WHAT IS IT? WHY DOES IT MATTER?

What do I mean by participatory democracy? I mean that people who are *affected* by a decision participate as equals in *making* that decision. This means that people don't just choose between the final alternatives, they also participate in *creating* the alternatives. This requires dialogue — not just conversation, but the development of shared understanding. (Shared understanding does *not* necessarily mean agreement — it can mean a clearer understanding of how and why people disagree. One of the frequent failures of consensus decision making is the insistence that everybody has to agree). By this definition, participatory democracy is more than electing representatives, more than opinion polls, and more than direct voting on issues. These things are important and we need to improve them, but by themselves they are not nearly enough. Also, my view of participatory democracy

extends beyond what we usually call "politics." People should also have a voice in decisions about their workplaces, their families, their neighborhoods, and their cultural communities.

Why does participatory democracy matter? Think of any big social problem today, and you will find people suffering from decisions that they had no say in. Participatory democracy is important for people's development, individually and collectively. Participatory democracy results in better decisions than rule by a few or even voting. These decisions are more popular, and therefore have a much better chance of being carried out.²

**"It's not enough
to criticize the
way things are.
... we have to
... propose
something
better."**

How COULD It Work?

Probably most of the readers of this magazine would agree that participatory democracy is a good idea. But how many would agree that it can really work? Many of you have had frustrating experiences with "democracy," "consensus," and "collective decision making," even in small groups. One "democratic" organization I know split up in a factional fight so intense that one group broke into the offices of the other group, ripped out phones, and stole their mailing lists (and this was a *peace* group!). And if democracy is hard to do in small groups, it becomes much more complicated in large groups where nobody can know all the other people or deal with all the issues. Murray Bookchin and Howard Hawkins have been taking this question seriously. The alternative they propose is called "confederate municipalism."³

PARTICIPATORY POLITICS: BOOKCHIN AND HAWKINS

Bookchin and Hawkins have pointed out that there are big problems with the government structures we have today. First of all, our government is based on

**"Communities
would govern
themselves by
means of the
face-to-face
citizens'
assembly."**

**"The citizens
assemblies . . .
would
coordinate with
each other as a
confederation."**

representation, not participation. We don't have a direct voice on the issues that concern us. Second, people elect their representatives, but they have little choice in nominating them and the election procedures heavily favor candidates who can raise money over candidates who can't. Once the representatives are elected, they are largely unaccountable to the people who elected them. And this is just the tip of the iceberg. Besides the elected but unaccountable representatives, there are the unelected government bureaucracy, the unelected military, the unelected police and intelligence agencies. And let's not forget the unelected media.

The alternative that Bookchin and Hawkins propose is called "confederate municipalism." It is based on the idea of largely self-sufficient, bioregionally-based "eco-communities," designed in harmony with their natural environments and also designed to allow people to carry out most of their activities in their own neighborhoods. As much as possible, these communities would govern themselves by means of the face to face *citizens' assembly*. "The citizens assemblies would address all matters of concern to them — regional, national, and international as well as local. They would coordinate with each other as a *confederation*, linked through delegates who would be instructed by the citizens they represent and recallable at any time."⁴ The local assemblies would control the higher level ones. Policies would be made locally and implemented globally. The Vermont Greens have suggested appropriate sizes for different levels of the confederation: neighborhood assemblies of 500 to 1000, community assemblies and councils of 5,000 to 10,000, urban and rural districts of 50,000 to 100,000, and then regional, national, and global confederations. Size would be important in achieving a human scale, which is impossible in oversized, centralized institutions.

Hawkins points out that participatory democracy in politics cannot exist without participatory democracy in economics. There are two reasons for this. First, in any society with an undemocratic economy, the holders of economic power will have a much bigger influence on politics than the rest of us. In the U.S. this happens through large campaign contributions, corporate ownership of news media, lobbying of legislators, and so on. Second, in an undemocratic economic system many decisions that affect the public are made privately, based on "dollar votes" — decisions about production, consumption, allocation, and investment. Concentrated private economic power means concentrated private political power. Therefore Bookchin and Hawkins advocate public enterprise and planning that is need (not profit) motivated, decentralized, democratic, and cooperative.

There is no way that a market based ("capitalist") economic system can measure up to these standards. The same is true for a centrally planned ("socialist") economy. Fortunately, Michael Albert and Robin Hahnel have proposed a viable alternative — "participatory economics."⁵

PARTICIPATORY ECONOMICS: ALBERT AND HAHNEL

Albert and Hahnel suggest five criteria for a desirable economy: *efficiency* in meeting people's desires (recognizing that people and their desires change, partly based on the organization of their economy), *self-management* (decision making input in proportion to the degree affected), *equity* (payment according to effort), *solidarity* (equal consideration for the rights of others), and *variety* (of processes and outcomes). This list provides a good definition of a democratic and efficient economy. By adding Howard Hawkins' criteria of





*renewable resources, recyclable materials, steady state economy, human scale, and biodiversity*⁶, we would then have an ecologically sound economy as well. Neither market economies nor centrally planned economies can meet these criteria. Albert and Hahnel have proposed an alternative, a democratic way of organizing production, consumption, and allocation.

In their system, there would be no class of owners and no class of managers. In terms of *production*, each workplace would be self-managed by a workers' council (one person, one vote), with smaller councils for sub-units. The workplace councils would elect representatives to higher level councils, just like Bookchin and Hawkins' citizen assemblies.

Besides equalizing decision making power in the workplace, Albert and Hahnel propose replacing "jobs" with "balanced job complexes." Everyone's work assignment would include elements of several different kinds of work. Everyone would have a more-or-less equal share of interesting, empowering, developmental work. Everyone would also have a more-or-less equal share of boring, debilitating, "it's a dirty job but someone's gotta do it" work. This could include having people spend part of their time in different workplaces to compensate for the possibility that some workplaces would be much more desirable to work in than others. Workers would be paid according to effort, rather than according to contribution, property owned, or need. People could negotiate to work less than average and consume less than average, or vice versa, but no one could get paid more for the effort they put in than anyone else and thereby accumulate wealth based on their position.

Decisions about *consumption* (i.e. "What goods and services do we want?") would be made in

neighborhood consumers' councils (something like consumers' cooperatives), which would belong to higher level federations just like the workers' councils. In Albert and Hahnel's planning procedure, these councils would negotiate approval for their requests with other consumers' and with workers' councils, to prevent inequalities in consumption and also to prevent consumption decisions which harm workers.

"There would be no class of owners and no class of managers."

Allocation would be done by a structured procedure of negotiation between the workers' councils and consumers' councils, with facilitation boards to help them reach agreement. This procedure is too complex to describe in the space I have here — better you should read their book. Let me just say that this procedure is democratic; the councils get information about the effects of their decisions on other workers and consumers and on the environment; and qualitative information (about quality of worklife or the environment, for example) plays an equally important role along with quantitative information.

PARTICIPATORY DECISION MAKING: THREE REQUIREMENTS

In order to make participatory economics (or confederate municipalism) work, there are three general issues of democratic decision making that have to be resolved: values, process, and structure. The rest of this article is about these issues.

Values

Participatory democracy requires some different values than the decision making processes that we are more familiar with. Sam Kaner, a San Francisco based professional facilitator of consensus decision making processes, describes two overriding values of consensus: *full participation* and *shared responsibility*. Full participation means that participants

"People need decision making processes that are effective, efficient, democratic, developmental, and enjoyable. . . . The good news is that a lot of these processes already exist . . ."

make a commitment to being assertive and also supportive. Shared responsibility means that each group member is individually responsible for what goes on in the group and what happens because of it.

Participatory democracy also requires placing less value on decisions and efficiency and more value on decision making process, individual and collective development, and democracy (actually, reducing the one-sided emphasis on decisions and efficiency should result in achieving better decisions with more efficiency).

I consider these changes in values as part of the larger change from domination to partnership. How to make this happen is a whole other subject that I'm not going to discuss here. I only want to suggest that we can and should work toward transforming values and transforming institutions at the same time.

Process

For participatory democracy to work, people need decision making processes that are effective, efficient, democratic, developmental, and enjoyable. By effective, I mean that they produce good decisions — in the opinion of the people who are affected by the decisions. By efficient, I mean that they don't take too long and aren't too much of a drain on the people involved. By democratic, I mean that they promote partnership and discourage domination. By developmental, I mean that they increase people's individual and collective capabilities to think, choose, and act. By enjoyable, I mean that they are fun (who wants to be stuck in boring meetings?).

The good news is that a lot of these processes already exist, and people are improving them all the time, even though many people are not very familiar with them

yet.⁷ One limitation of these processes, though, is that most of them only work well within relatively small groups. This brings me to the question of structure.

Structure

Even if everyone shared participatory values, and everyone was familiar with effective processes for democratic decision making, there would still be the structural questions of what groups make what decisions, who participates in each group, and how the different groups relate to each other. I consider this the main obstacle to figuring out how participatory democracy could work.

The basic problem is that the complexity of the decisions that need to be made exceeds the capacity of the decision making groups. A good structure must therefore reduce the complexity of the decisions each group must make and increase the capacity of the groups to handle complex decisions. In order to increase the decision making capacity of the groups, the group members need the opportunity to communicate, preferably face to face. As Jon Walker of the SUMA Wholefoods cooperative in England says, "Democracy depends on thorough discussion." Yet people's capacity for thorough discussion is limited. Too much discussion is overwhelming. A good structure must provide enough discussion in order to make meaningful participation possible for everyone, but it must also protect people from being incapacitated by too much discussion.

These problems are especially difficult in large groups, where no one can deal with all the issues of the group or interact with all its members. Responsibilities must be divided, and so the group must be divided into sub-groups. States are divided into counties, governments are divided into depart-





ments, corporations are divided into divisions, school systems are divided into districts. With this partitioning comes a whole new set of problems. What is the best way to divide the whole group into sub-groups? What structure can keep the sub-groups from interfering with each other? What is the best way to resolve disputes between sub-groups? How can the sub-groups best be coordinated for the benefit of the whole? Most of all, how can democracy be retained in groups that go beyond the face to face level?

Some people (in the Green movement, for example) propose to solve these large group problems by simply not having large groups. Since it is so much easier to have real democracy in small groups, we should decentralize everything as much as possible. They are right about the advantages of small groups, but decentralization alone is not enough. There is a set of inter-group and whole-group issues that decentralization cannot solve, from equitable resource allocation to peaceful conflict resolution. If there is no effective whole-group system for resolving these issues, the whole group suffers and the small groups lose their autonomy, because they become overwhelmed by having to deal with the global issues as well as the local ones. But although decentralization is not the answer, centralization is not the answer either. In fact, it is misleading to think in terms of a choice between decentralization or centralization. It is much more useful to think in terms of local autonomy *and* global cohesion. A viable structure for large scale democracy must provide both.

Stafford Beer's "viable system model" provides a great deal of guidance on how to do this. Beer has written three books on this subject⁸ — I will just give a very brief summary here. The first step is to divide the group into sub-groups that are capable of managing

themselves as much as possible and interfering with each other as little as possible. This not only provides autonomy for the sub-groups, but vastly simplifies the decision making tasks of the group as a whole. But no matter how capable the sub-groups are at managing themselves, there is still a set of whole-group functions that must be performed. These include coordinating between the sub-groups, so that they don't interfere with each other; allocating resources among the sub-groups; insuring the viability and effective functioning of the whole group; exploring alternative futures for the whole group; and determining and maintaining the identity of the whole group.

Now comes the big challenge, the main problem that must be solved for participatory democracy to work. *The whole-group functions must be under the collective control of the sub-groups.* I don't know how to solve this problem, but I can suggest a few strategies.

All whole-group functions (including those that are presently occupied by unelected government bureaucrats) could be filled by election, and they could be rotational. We could also extend Albert and Hahnel's balanced job complex idea so that nobody could work exclusively in whole-group functions. We could adopt the Bookchin-Hawkins idea of binding instructions on representatives. We could have a procedure whereby grassroots people who were dissatisfied with a "higher level" decision could quickly and easily bring that issue back to the whole membership for debate and a new decision (this has been very successful in the SUMA co-op that I mentioned earlier). Or we could adopt James Fishkin's idea of a "deliberative opinion poll,"⁹ in which a randomly selected group of citizens (like a large jury) gets to question policy makers and discuss issues among themselves at length, while the rest of the people follow the proceedings on television and radio.

"Now comes the big challenge . . . The whole-group functions must be under the collective control of the sub-groups."

CONCLUSION

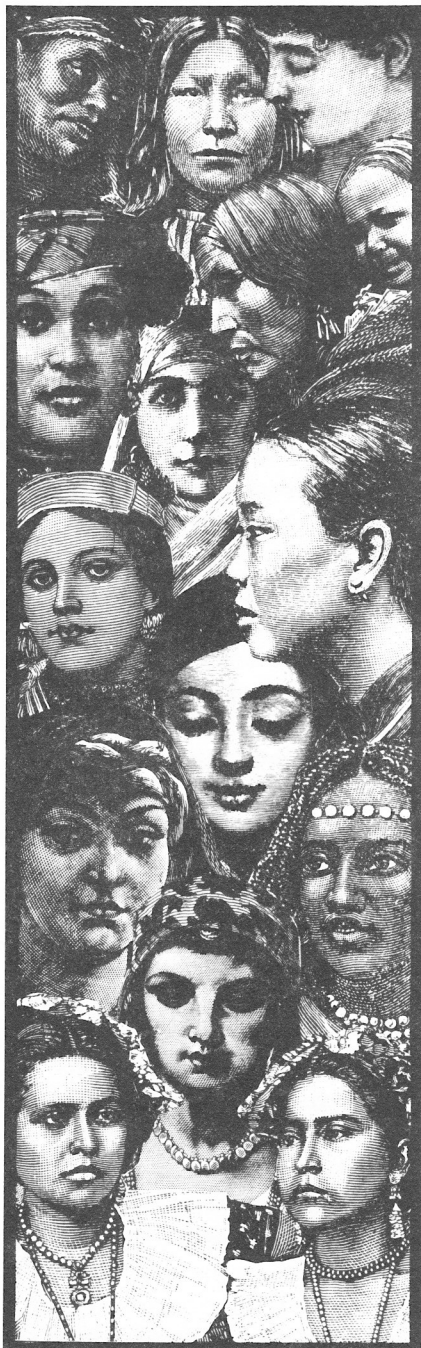
**"We can't put
off the hard
questions until
'after the
revolution.'"**

I believe that a society based on partnership is possible, but we can't put off the hard questions until "after the revolution." If we're ever going to have a society based on participatory democracy, we have to be able to explain how it could work. I have described some proposals that address important aspects of this problem, and I have raised some issues that remain unresolved. Now it's your turn. If you have ideas about these issues, write a letter to this magazine. I'm waiting to hear from you.

— David Schecter, August, 1992

NOTES

1. "Sex, Death, and the Angry Young Man," *Komotion International* #3 and #4.
2. For a more detailed version of this argument, see my article "Participatory Decision Making" in *Z Papers*, April-June 1992, South End Press, Boston. For the fundamental theory of participation, see Carol Gould's book *Rethinking Democracy*, Cambridge University Press, 1988.
3. The most developed explanation of confederate municipalism is Murray Bookchin's book, *Urbanization without Cities*, Black Rose Books, Montreal, 1992 — especially the last chapter, "Toward a New Municipal Agenda."
4. Howard Hawkins, *Representation and Rights — or Participation and Power?* Send \$1 to: Howard Hawkins, c/o Green Working Papers, PO Box 562, Syracuse, NY 13205
5. *Looking Forward: Participatory Economics for the Twenty First Century*, Michael Albert and Robin Hahnel, South End Press, Boston, 1992.
6. Howard Hawkins, *Ecology*, *Z Papers*, Jan-Mar 1992, South End Press, Boston.
7. A good introduction is *How to Make Meetings Work*, by Doyle and Strauss (Playboy Paperbacks, 1976). For the current state of the art, watch for an exciting new book called *Thinking in Public* (Sam Kaner, Duane Berger, Catherine Toldi, and Sarah Fisk, New Society Publishers, forthcoming).
8. *Diagnosing the System for Organizations* is the best introduction. *Brain of the Firm* and *Heart of Enterprise* are much more detailed (all three are published by John Wiley & Sons). *Brain* has a fascinating section on how Beer put his ideas into practice with the Allende administration in Chile.
9. *Democracy and Deliberation: New Directions for Democratic Reform*, Yale University Press, 1991. I don't like the politics behind this book, but the deliberative opinion poll is worth studying.



THE MOST INFLUENTIAL INVESTMENT

Educating girls quite possibly yields a higher rate of return than any other investment available in the developing world. Women's education may be unusual territory for economists, but enhancing women's contribution to development is actually as much an economic as a social issue. And economics, with its emphasis on incentives, provides guideposts that point to an explanation for why so many young girls are deprived of an education.

Parents in low-income countries fail to invest in their daughters because they do not expect them to make an economic contribution to the family: girls grow up only to marry into somebody else's family and bear children. Girls are thus less valuable than boys and are kept at home to do chores while their brothers are sent to school — the prophecy becomes self-fulfilling, trapping women in a vicious cycle of neglect.

An educated mother, on the other hand, has greater earning abilities outside the home and faces an entirely different set of choices. She is likely to have fewer, healthier children and can insist on the

development of all her children, ensuring that her daughters are given a fair chance. The education of her daughters then makes it much more likely that the next generation of girls, as well as of boys, will be educated and healthy. The vicious cycle is thus transformed into a virtuous circle.

Few will dispute that educating women has great social benefits. But it has enormous economic advantages as well. Most obviously, there is the direct effect of education on the wages of female workers. Wages rise by 10 to 20 percent for each additional year of schooling. Returns of this magnitude are impressive by the standard of other available investments, but they are just the beginning. Educating women also has an impressive impact on health practices, including family planning.

Let us look at some numbers in one country as an illustration of the savings from improved hygiene and birth control. In Pakistan, educating an extra 1,000 girls an additional year would have cost approximately \$40,000 in 1990. Each year of schooling is estimated to reduce mortality of children younger than five years by up to 10 percent. Since an average woman in Pakistan has 6.6 children, it follows that providing 1,000 women with an extra year of schooling would prevent roughly 60 infant deaths. Saving 60 lives with health care interventions would cost an estimated \$48,000.

Educated women also choose to have fewer children. Econometric studies find

that an extra year of schooling reduces female fertility by approximately 10 percent. Thus, a \$40,000 investment in educating 1,000 women in Pakistan would avert 660 births. A typical family-planning evaluation concludes that costs run approximately \$65 for each birth averted, or \$43,000 for 660 births.

Even beyond those savings, one can calculate that an additional year of schooling for 1,000 women will prevent the deaths of four women during childbirth. Achieving similar gains through medical interventions would cost close to \$10,000.

These estimates are of course crude. On one hand, I have failed to discount benefits to reflect the fact that female education operates with a lag. On the other, I have neglected the add-on gains as healthier, better educated mothers have not only healthier, better educated children but healthier, better educated grandchildren. (When the average mother in Pakistan has nearly 40 grandchildren, this is no small thing.)

Even with these caveats, the social improvements brought about by educating women are more than sufficient to cover its costs. Given that education also yields higher wages, it seems reasonable to conclude that the return on getting more girls into school is in excess of 20 percent, and probably much greater. In fact, it may well be the single most influential investment that can be made in the developing world.

So what can we do to promote investment in the education of girls? Scholarship funds should be established and more free books and other supplies given to girls. Providing schooling that responds to cultural and practical concerns is also essential: female enrollment depends heavily on schools' being nearby, on the provision of appropriate sanitation facilities and on the hiring of female teachers. Flexible hours and care for younger siblings can also be helpful.

Raising the primary school enrollment of girls to equal that of boys in the world's low-income countries would involve educating an extra 25 million girls every year at a total cost of approximately \$938 million. Equalizing secondary school enrollment would mean educating an additional 21 million girls at a total cost of \$1.4 billion. Eliminating educational discrimination in the low-income countries would thus cost a total of \$2.4 billion. This sum represents less than one quarter of one percent of the gross domestic product of the low-income countries, less than one percent of their investment in new capital goods and less than 10 percent of their defense spending.

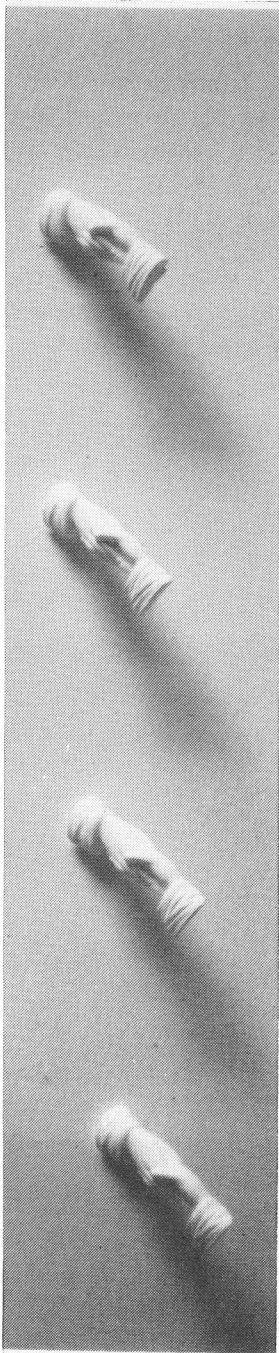
When compared with investments outside the social sector, education looks even more attractive. Take power generation as an example. Projections suggest that developing countries will spend approximately \$1 trillion on power plants over the next 10 years. Because of poor maintenance and pricing problems, many of these nations use less than 50 percent

of the capability of existing power plants. In a sample of 57 developing countries, the overall return on power-plant physical assets averaged less than 4 percent over the past three years and less than 6 percent over the past decade — returns that cannot even compare with those of 20 percent or more from providing education for females.

No doubt developing countries will improve their efficiency in generating power. And I have probably understated somewhat the difficulty of raising enrollment rates by neglecting capital costs and not taking explicit account of the special costs incurred in targeting girls. Nevertheless, it is hard to believe that building 19 out of every 20 planned power plants and using the savings to finance equal educational opportunity for girls would not be desirable.

There are those who say educating girls is a strategy that pays off only in the long run. This argument reminds me of a story, which John F. Kennedy used to tell, of a man asking his gardener how long it would take for a certain seed to grow into a tree. The gardener said it would take 100 years, to which the man replied, "Then plant the seed this morning. There is no time to lose."

Lawrence Summers is chief economist at the World Bank.



inference of the title, consisted of photos of different couples in very simple and human terms. "Reciprocity" which, complete with growing plants, dealt with the ecosystem and the need to work in relation to the earth, not exploit it.

If I found the show overall uplifting, a certain sadness however began to gnaw at me. Was I just feeling my own estrangement from *Paradise Lost* (be it on philogenetic or ontogenetic grounds)? Or was it, sap that I am, simply the other side of being touched by someone who would dare to reveal such simple desires in the context of so much cynicism and self-indulgence around? Perhaps it was a byproduct of the religious aura given the secular, an aura normally associated with the church and funerals.

Here, the other side of the objects might be noted. For if the bouquets celebrated life and difference, they also were the kind of plastic flowers (complete with metal markers) one puts on graves. Similarly, the wall of identical white hands, for all their stress on life and nurturance, also had the look and feel of a graveyard as seen from afar. Even the table and chairs had that secondary nuance, the stains from the spilled wine (from the opening perhaps) appearing as an index of community past.

Utopias are easily ridiculed. If history is filled with the worse crimes committed in their name, the reality of the present tends to relegate them to the naive dreams of an idealist. Once the vision of a better life dissolves, however, so does all hope of creating one. Radley, not content with deconstructing the present, tried to construct an alternative for the future. The attempt was a breath of fresh air.

As for the objects, dual ambience — life/death, future *Paradise*/ *Paradise Lost* — perhaps it is up to us, through our actions, to decide which side will be the principle one.

— Richard Olsen
5/92

POETRY BY OBERC

I Blame It On A Movie

A scene where
they cut her throat
then ran the knife
down her chest
across her stomach
dropping her guts
like a weird
slow motion
explosion
it was the way
they positioned her
as if she wanted it
as if she was ready
for some more
the news fills up
with my confession
and people look on
scared....

I Didn't Tell Them

It would be okay
Chuck did that
all of the time
he was a psycopath
he didn't give a fuck
about lying
me I still had
things like guilt
to deal with
bless me father
for I have sinned
this is my confession
I killed three women
you would catch
Chuck saying things
like that
trying to get
his ass
forgiven....

Oberc

WHERE IS THIS 51ST STATE CALLED "LOVE"?

Her name was Murphy and mine is Howard. She kept trying to call me "Howie" but that just sounds stupid; my name is always "Howard". Somehow we left our respective countries and met up to drive across the United States of America. She was from London, England, and I lived in San Francisco, California.

She was there to drive me crazy. I was there to make love with her in every motel across the Southern United States. Our plan called for us to complete a circle started in school: we waited two years for lovers to fall aside and money to stack up so as to travel together, so as to put our transatlantic letters of longing and unrequited love to rest. This trip buried them deeper than the Titanic. We had the driveway, the rubbers, each other's nerves to get on, and God's great country spread out before us.

Prefacing this date with disaster was months of couch-crashing and job-searching. I had to stop relying on my brand new diploma as a talisman against unemployment. Somewhere I picked up this wacky notion that the diploma would give me an edge in a recession-plagued country ravaged by ten years of Republican rule, that headhunters would zero in on my raw

schooled talents like smartbombs. This never happened.

Out of sarcasm I had taken to carrying a xerox of my diploma in my back pocket. And it urged me on through my trials, and I found an entry level job as a Telephone Sales Representative. I answered phones for an unnamed company, and this unnamed company sold overpriced home and kitchen junk to faraway people with disposable incomes. These folk called one after the other all day to torment us with their pushy yet indecisive orders. My work friends and I referred to these alien intruders on our psyches as "The Enemy."

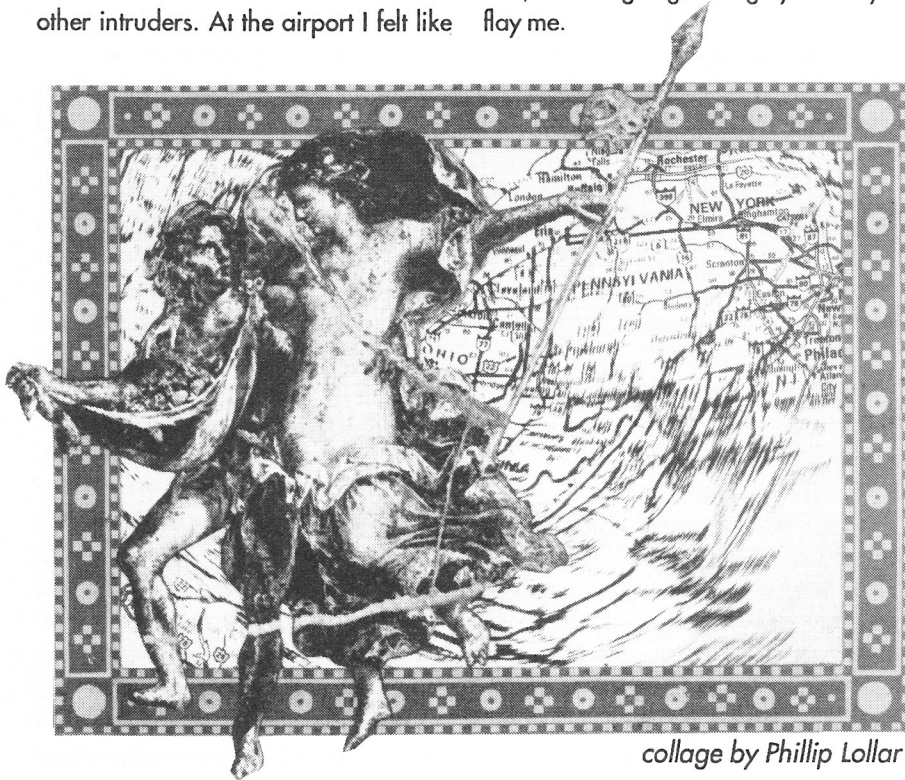
I made \$6 an hour. I had a real girlfriend that showed only concern and kindness for me. Then Murphy sent me a letter; she would be arriving in NYC in January. Three months earlier than planned, three weeks after I started seeing aforementioned girlfriend. Girlfriend said she understood. I worked and saved and gave more donations to this collection agency I worshipped at. I had no money but bought a plane ticket to La Guardia anyway. Deluded that I must follow through and meet Murphy because this was, after all, my last chance at bone-crushing, wave-

crashing, *Apocalypse Now*-heliocoptering true love, I got on that one-way plane and threw everything out the passenger window: my only permanent job in two years, a real girlfriend that showed concern and kindness, and my last chance at unrequited love.

I hit New York City square as a billiard table and twice as green. I felt like a Cro Mag with club in hand, crossing a vast Bering Strait called the Midwest so as to enter and see for myself the self-proclaimed center of Now Western Civ. The Metropolis spread itself before me like an alien civilization built to the point of ruin by concrete-mangling humanoid termites. It threatened to kill me and all other intruders. At the airport I felt like

Terminator on a mission; with machine precision I got the home address, took the subway, found a cab, and made it to the flat we were to crash. I was indestructible.

Murphy beat me to the airport by three hours and went ahead to her friends' flat on 10th Street. When they buzzed me in off the street she opened the door while I mounted the steps below her. We traded cheek pecks and glowed in the success of pulling off this adventure. Foolishly we assumed only adventure and excitement waited in front of us, and the frustration of a \$6 an hour life disappeared as I took her in: she stood just inches shorter than me, her hair returned to brown and shorter, white clear skin, and laughing leering eyes ready to flay me.



collage by Phillip Lollar

This lasted for about a day or so. She had generations of hardened drinkers behind her and drank like she had a garden to water; I followed suit. NYC became a blur of petty arguments, fun excursions, and more drinking. She told me to bug off at Forbidden Planet; I actually walked out and cried. She found me after I recovered and chewed me out for leaving her. We saw Jenny Holzer's LCD messages and stone benches at the Guggenheim and lots of other entertaining junk. For a quarter each we rode the Staten Island Ferry, watching the Wall Street skyline and the Statue of Liberty go past and away. In a fit of retro-teenageism I slipped her a handjob barely out of sight of the other passengers. She liked me again.

An acute case of neurosis, which some would argue was chronic, kept me from doing the Do with Murphy. It rooted itself in our stay at her friends' pad. In their kindness the young couple shared their place with us for eight days gratis. We got the foldout couch; they kept their futon. The flat was really a big studio with a partial room divider between our respective beddings, so neither couple was truly free from the other unless one went out. Their unknown return time panicked me.

This foreboding welled within me as our hands travelled previously unexplored territory. But regardless of my tumescence and her assertiveness I hesitated to help consummate our shaky unsettling fling.

"Oh God, let's do it!" she said. Had she heard this once in a movie or something?

"Well, I don't know . . ."

"What?!?" Peeved would be the proper word.

"What if they come in?"

"Oh come on Howie. Really."

"They might smell it."

Sarcasm sets in. She says, "Oh god you're right, we should stop right now. I can't believe I had the nerve, so sorry." She rolls over and I can hear a hard dick somewhere in the Universe yelling "You stupid jerk!" Feeble attempts at sign language with the vast expanse of her back fail to mount the wall of jittery incommunicado growing between us.

We drank everyday for eight days and I lost it. I remember spooning a whole bowl of brown rice into my mouth at the Life Cafe in a vain attempt to recover. We stumbled around Times Square looking for the driveaway office and I bought a piece of mushroom pizza. I was too dehydrated to eat. The guy wouldn't even sell me a glass of water, only 7-Up. I passed. I carried the pizza wrapped in wax paper under my arm and we secured a driveaway from some company run by drunks.

The alcohol only fueled Murphy and she went into overdrive chewing me out. Hours later we had to go over to Jersey to get the car. I still had my mushroom pizza, still too hungover to eat. Now I looked at it as if it was an alien larva I had

pulled out of a dumpster. I found another dumpster to put it in, and returned to the office to sign the last of the paperwork.

We finally got that car and drove away. The car's destination was Malibu, a rough 600 miles from my home in San Francisco. But that was closer than I was now. We took it; the other cars had to go to Colorado or Texas. Murphy had a rich ex-boyfriend in Pacific Palisades she could stay with, so Malibu was okay by her. Yeah, I guess so. Once back in Manhattan we discovered the tape deck didn't work. Period. The ex-beau and being stranded in Malibu I could handle. But no tape deck meant sure pain for the next ten days.

We hayrolled for the first time in some hotel off the Jersey turnpike. We had driven the whole day and were getting the first taste of the open road and its toll on us. The hotel's name blared for all to see: The American Continental. She insisted on taking her picture with that ridiculous roadway sign behind her. I had to be bullied into how porno it was, I mean, come on, The American Continental? Like a fish unconscious of the water around it I took it for normal. For her it exemplified pure Roadway Americana.

In the room we relaxed and she bleached her completely unnoticeable mustache. Must be a European thing. She smiled at me through the foam. I shaved. Both smooth, we started kissing, here in an anonymous room with a lock that accommodated my previous hang-up. I was a little embarrassed that we looked

like a porn movie revolving around roadside motel action. Then we applied friction and my whole life became one long Prince song.

In New York we had stocked up on rubbers at an Annie Sprinkle post-modern porn performance, free thanks to the NEA. The first one we used shredded up in our first attempt at hetero passion. Great. We finally did it and did it right, except for the fluid exchange. She had two big smiles on her body that night.

Regardless, afterwards she chided me. "Well, you finally got what you wanted. You came all this way — can you imagine? Did you really travel this far to get it? Is it what you imagined?"

Even when we had fun she could get vicious, as if she needed a pet dog to kick. I had to respond.

"This isn't why I came to see you . . . it was something more. I wouldn't travel this far, I wouldn't do all this just to screw someone. I can do that easy enough at home."

We shut up and watched TV.

I kept looking at the room accommodations: TV, sink, four walls. Within these parameters love could be made, fidelities could be abandoned, salesmen could relax. The closeness of the sheetrock, the proximity of burlap curtain and wood paneled TV, the queasy acknowledgment of needs found in a hotel glass or checkout slip only exacerbated our post-coital trieste.

We drove and we stopped and she bought stupid shit for tourists. I lived on chips. We toured the RJR Nabisco Cigarette Plant and picked up snack and cig freebies. We did Graceland and we did Nashville. I wrote lots of postcards; she couldn't handle the responsibility of writing hers but did buy quite a stack. We drove over the Smoky Mountains through fog thicker than one hundred in San Francisco. They might have been clouds. We putzed about an empty Dollywood; Murphy insisted on visiting the U.S. in the dead of winter and Dollywood stayed closed til April. We argued. We did New Orleans and we did Texas and we argued some more. Outside of El Paso I offered to take the plane home if she'd leave me at the airport, or I could drive to Malibu and she could fly. She pulled the car over to the highway shoulder in the rain and told me to get out. Later when we had made up she told me she was "just being dramatic."

The whole trip Murphy never let me forget that she hated all my clothes: my beat-up Oxfords, red V-neck, industrial chain on wrist, everything. Once she wanted to kill me for not instantly recollecting who Leona Helmsley was; however I was very patient in explaining to her about William Gibson, Astor Piazzolla, Susi Bright, Gary Panter, and SRL. She worked for a glossy, you think she'd be on top of it. One hotel gave us a "free Continental Breakfast Special": coffee, hot chocolate, and donuts. I knew Murphy hated coffee with a passion but I brought her a cup with her donut

anyway. She yelled at me and wanted to know if they had anything else. I lied. "No Ma'am, just coffee today." Regardless, we were plowing and slurping every night of this trip and loving it.

The whole excursion was like an obscure Mekons B-side, a regular tale of suffering and woe, interspersed with happy drunken moments. Murphy and I resurfaced on one of those freeways interconnecting all of greater Los Angeles. It was sunny, tunes were blasting, drive-by shootings everywhere. She dumped me off at Sunset and Vine with a peck on the cheek. She drove away to meet her ex-beau and get rid of the car that put up with us for 4000 miles.

I shoved my sleeping bag into my suitcase while a pleasantly stoned old homeless guy talked to me, the friendliest person I have ever met in L.A. I said good-bye and walked. I bought a bus ticket at 5:22 PM for San Francisco at the world's best known Greyhound station. I had three hours to kill so I put my bag in storage and walked back out onto Sunset Blvd. Suddenly my clothes looked just fine and I knew everything. Even my sunglasses were cool. I warpdrove into permanent smile and kept walking til I found the sidewalk with all the stars on it, bought some pizza and hit up a news stand. The sun beamed forth.

— Phillip Lollar
March 1992

NEWSON REVIEWZ

Because we still feel like it . . .

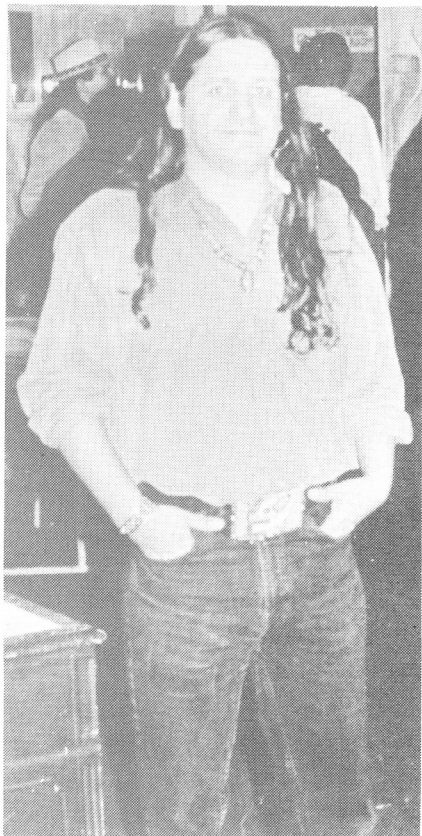
That's right, folks, the alternative, the experiment, the "beloved hole in the wall" is BACK! Big sloppy wet kisses to those of you who helped us get through the lean times of April in May, particularly those who helped organize the "Komotion-In-Exile" benefits at various art shacks around town. Special thanks to all the performers—including the **Bedlam Rovers**, the **Conspiracy of Equals**, **Michael Dean**, the **Gel-O-Tones**, **Penelope Houston**, **MDC**, **Ovarian Trolley**, **X-Tal** and **Zircus**—who volunteered to help us get back on our feet.

Here we are now, entertain us...

It all (re)started June 13th, when our newly liberated space was squatted by the Industrial Workers of the World for the night. Considering that their show had been delayed for over a month due to riots or something, the Wobblies in attendance were extremely well behaved, even singing along to the soundtrack of

"A Man Who Never Died — The Songs of Joe Hill." After short acoustic performances by **Jess Grant** and **Jano Brindisi**, **Tommy Strange** began ranting about life in the Mission, drug dealing and the Kennedys as retro-politicos **Strawman** played their set. (Actually this wasn't so strange, what with him being the lead singer and all). The sonic highlight of the night was certainly **DeathGroove LoveParty**, featuring the odd storytelling and Lou Reedish vocals of **Carraig DeForest**. Anyone who doubts the existence of bar bands with radical politics should have checked out the funky riffs and danceable beat of "Crack's No Worse Than The Fascist Threat." Evaporation of borders, anyone...?

Somehow June is never complete without a bunch of naked people. Perhaps with this fact in mind, Debbie Moore staged her notorious five-hour performance poem with **The X-Plicit Players** at the New College of Law on the 20th. Someone described the show as "challenging our ideas about the body." All



Sal Garcia (photo: Annika Kahn)

double entendres aside, we hope you all "get it" now. Next!

One night my brother, an avid reader of the Sunday pink section of the paper, asked me about the Komotion Mega-Jam he'd seen advertised there. Realizing I'd plum forgotten, I dusted off my Fast Pass and scrambled to the Great American Music Hall, where crypto-thrash-Deadheads **A Subtle Plague** were already rockin' the house, closely followed by neo-folkstress

Penelope Houston and claphappy-world-beaters **The Looters**. The task of describing the Mega-Jam, however, transcends the power of even the wittiest of absurd hyphenations. Imagine three or four Looters, plus **Josef Brinckmann** on accordion, **Joe Gore** on guitar, **Les Claypool** on drums — no, never mind, I guess you had to be there. A family atmosphere prevailed at the modestly attended bash, where old and new friends met, talked and hacked away at the edges of the sonic spectrum.

And salsa... ah, the salsa. Who could imagine summer on 16th Street without it? **Carl Ariaza** and his band, **Salsa 24**, brought us the best Latin dance music from south of . . . Market, with proceeds funding Carl's trip to Cameroon to study with West African master **Olivier Noah**. Jeff remarked how refreshing it was to take a break from heavy politics and put on a show just for the sake of hearing great music. Amen!

On July 4th, we saluted all things paper and subversive with a benefit for **Mercury Rising** magazine. An early evening 'Zine Fair attracted an army of self-publishers and collectors, with a variety of comics, short fiction, poetry and newsletters available for sale or trade. Jazz-fusion mutants **L-Sid** got into the spirit by commissioning some spontaneous artwork—the scrawny, begenitaled eagle crying "I got yer traditional values right here!" — in butcher paper on the wall. Legends-in-

their-own-lunchtime **Spot 1019** promised nothing and delivered plenty of on-pitch nerd-rock . . . *oi boy* . . .

For those of you who like to crank the bass on your stereos and habitually bang on countertops, July brought you "Trance-frenzy-magic: An evening of drum-driven music." Assembled skinbeaters included **Mary Ellen Donald**, local North African-Senegalese music group **Tete Djun**, djembe master **Fred Simpson**, and **Wayne Dean**'s late great percussion project, **Mother Tongue**. Of these, the latter was the most accessible, borrowing traditional rhythms from disparate world cultures and incorporating bass guitar and signal processing. Dancing was inevitable and constant, if a bit problematic due to the prejudice of European feet against 5/4 and 7/4 time. I know I've been tapping on my desktop ever since.

Remember the Punk Film Festival of '91, during the Independent Space festival? If not, perhaps you caught the second annual screening this year! The enduring popularity of this collection suggests that even if punk *is* dead, interest and nostalgia for its glory days certainly isn't. It occurs to me that I was only *eight* when some of those movies were made. Sheesh!

Our July meeting featured an art opening by **Mark Thomas**, whose brightly colored relief paintings are said to contain used chewing gum. Ahem...

Valerie Stadler and **Lisa Palty** provided musical stimuli, as we belabored things Komotionary over bowls of Caroleen's famous chili.

Following the Wobblies' lead, **Sachiko** and **Culture Shock** returned to Komotion August 7th for a belated Record Release Party, bringing with them a gaggle of yuppies flashing postcards and claiming they were "tickets." For our trouble, we heard two killer sets, and got a glimpse of twirling sequins and shiny happy (and angry) people. Quite a night.

The following week, we hosted a benefit for our invisible benefactors, the Bay Area Center for Art and Technology, with an interesting subcultural buffet night. Cinemonster **Craig Baldwin** shared a bushel of his favorite films, including the Shred of Dignity



Robin Banks (photo: A. Kahn)

Collective's "Shred of Sex," "The Delinquent, the Hipster and the Square" and his own "RocketKitKongoKit." Then came the mongo performance art guy with a little drum and a big long story, followed by the similarly accoutered **MED-O**. Blue plate specials **Bedlam Court** seemed ill at ease with the scruffy boho crowd — once interrupting the soundcheck to actually ask "Who's in charge here?" — but rocked like your mother anyhow.

Finally, something unpredictable from Seattle! Eight-piece Marimba ensemble **Musango** brought a taste of East Africa's most memorable and defiantly happy vibrations to the tips of many a spine on the 21st. Dancing was less an affirmative act than a yielding to the syncopated pulse of the walls and floor. The resulting percussive brew was definitely more than worth the horrendous sound check that preceded it.

As for **Jack Wright's** Improvcore — well, what exactly can you say about improvcore? "Boom, boom! Chikka-chikka! Waka-waka THOOM! Dootdootdoot, yeah yeah. . . ." Or at least that's what I heard.

Und on ze twenty-eighth day, ve had ze Dada Film Fest. Ziss vass pretty güt, ja? Ze Helmut Herbst film Dada vass much better zen a Zemesster of Fine Artsch at college, nein? But In Search Of... now zat vass a FUN one! Interezting hiztorical stuff mitout preaching to ze converted. Güten nacht, liebchen!

HippyPorn-O-Rama was a full-on gurgling churning happening that sprang out of control one September evening. With three bands and as many projectors drooling out sound and images, no one's senses were left unscathed. **Broom** dabbled in oblique po-mo psychedelia between scenes of the feature film while cartoons, porno and other obscure images graced the peripheral vision of the assembled mob. **Weird Web** wove a dense sonic assault featuring filmmakers Moritsugu and Boyreau, assisted on projector by Jack Stevenson, and an annoying Bob Dylan tape loop that emanated from the boothbound spin doctor unbeknownst to the band. Finally **Barbara Manning and the S.F. Seals** appeared to send the evening off into space. Lucky showgoers with a spare fiver also picked up *The Peter Fonda Album*, which was hawked amidst the madness, and provides a perfect take-home souvenir for the warm fuzzy nostalgia this event is already inspiring.

The following weekend, Ann was due to have "her baby," and have it she did in the form of the Stockhausen Expo '93 benefit. **Artists Make Noise** provided coaching, moral support and anesthetics, with their musical/dramatic rendition of the Stockhausen composition *High and Low*. **Pamela Z** dragged out the delay box to share some atmospheric solo a cappella numbers, **Julie Queen** dusted off some Kurt Weill torch songs, and bathrobe

funkster **Moe Dark** banged congas, squished balloons and blew wind whistles over and around his band, **The Love Posse**. It hurt a little, like all memorable experiences should.

Except for **Green Day**. They go down real easy, cuz those boys have got harmonies even a minister could love, sung over riffs even a skinhead could dance to. East Bay punk's worst kept secret dropped in to lend their support to KALX, Berkeley's community radio station. Joined by Frisco garage sailors **Püng**, they whipped the teenyboppers into shape like so many Piña Coladas, leaving them stirred, not shaken. Li'l Mike showed films, but then, doesn't he always?

One operative term for describing the "International Tribunal of Indigenous

Peoples and Oppressed Nations in the USA" benefit is NOT! We were NOT able to show *Incident at Oglala*, the award-winning documentary on Indian activist Leonard Peltier, but we did screen *That All Should Rise Up, No One Should Stay Behind*, a film about native resistance in Guatemala. And though the traditional Indian drummers we invited were NOT able to make it, we did hear a brief but moving talk by **Bobby Castillo** of the American Indian Movement on the eve of Columbus Day, which he stressed was NOT a time to party. Attendance was sparse, but NOT too shabby.

I almost wish we could say the same for **Chumbawamba**—almost. Even before we opened the doors to begin the practically unadvertised show, Komotion suddenly found itself flooded



Opera Picola (photo: Annika Kahn)

by bright-eyed, largely underage fans, in addition to no small number of soup kitchen celebrities, *all on a Monday night!* Needless to say, tensions and temperatures ran high as we monitored the over-capacity crowd, but in the end the show was smashing and beer bottles fortunately were not. What a kick it was to see crusty skate punks pogging happily next to Riot Grrrls and slumming legal secretaries! Perhaps Dave Whitaker summed up the night's spirit best: "**Beatles of the 90's . . . Chumbawamba!**" OK, perhaps not...

On September 30, sculptor **Tom Powell** held an art opening that certainly left an undeniable impact. In fact, it was pretty hard not to notice it, even if you didn't come inside. Hanging from the front of the building was a giant metal sculpture of a flying Dumbo with a jack-ass, perhaps making a subtle (!) comment on our political process. In the hallway, Tom installed a procession of scrap metal elephants, made



from old refrigerators found on the mesas of New Mexico. Many were riddled with bullet holes and graffiti. Over by the bathrooms he perched a metallic "Ross Parrot" atop a suitcase of unmarked bills, along with other solid-"steal" representations of the cam-"pain" season.

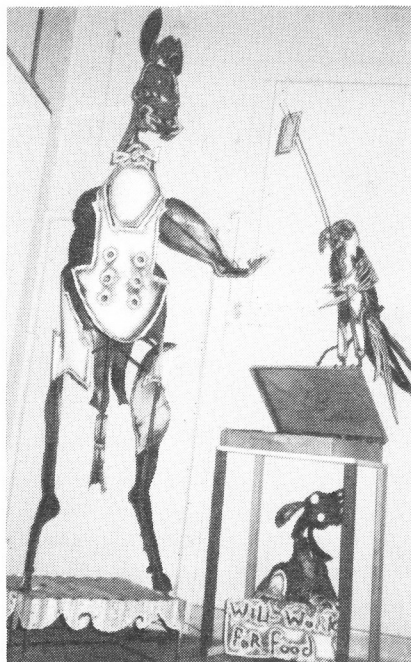
He also presented an excellent slide show, which documented some of his earlier installations in the Albuquerque area, all of which appeared equally labor intensive and unique. Plus, he brought quite a few jugs of *free wine*, which is always appreciated by those short of beer bucks. A band newly relocated from Vermont, **The Chainsaws of Babylon**, attempted to entertain the art throng, but ended up boldly facing a near-empty house instead. That's probably OK, since lyrical rumor has it that if they go back to Vermont, all the girls will want to sleep with them.

The **Pork's House** record release party/21 Bernice benefit was one of those many shows we book that are either a smashing success or a dismal flop, depending on how you look at it. Not many people came down, but the music was still happenin'. **Plum** mixed samples of Tibetan monks with schlock and a driving beat with larger-than-life baritone vocals. Panic Ear Service jumped around a lot, and the headliners were stringy, horny, dorky and bike-messenger cool. To pick up that

sweet 7" EP, try writing to 21 Bernice, whose address is, uh . . .

Ah, yes, and then there was the *Filth* magazine benefit on the 9th. I know, I know — what were we thinking? Punk rock karaoke!?! After several minutes of shining flashlights, wiggling adapters and accidentally projecting ten-foot-tall screen images of a frantic Li'l Mike, we resolved to ditch the video camera and hold up cue cards. The electric-dyed zombies who participated didn't seem to mind, however, and "Chinese Rocks" was the hit of the night, thanks largely to the all-star backup band. You couldn't really hear the vocals... just like the good old days!

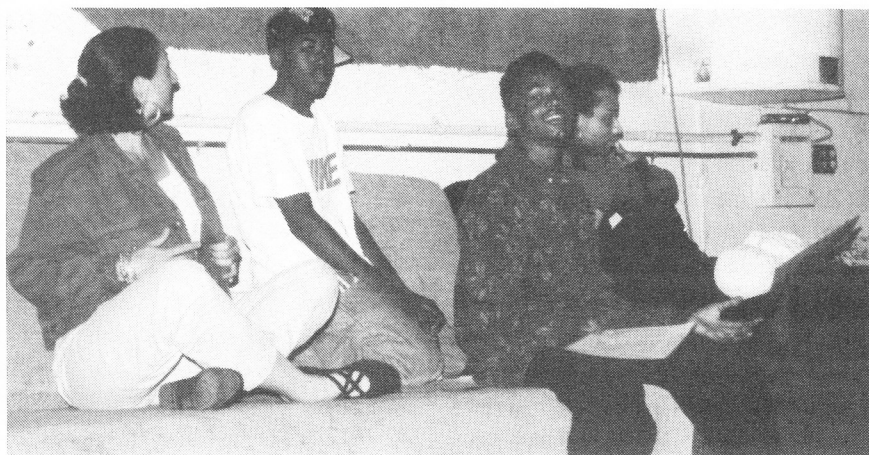
After witnessing a dead-on set by punk vets **MDC** and raffling off a few records, our remaining collective energies are channeled into convincing one "I'm on the guest list" crony to relinquish the mike and leave the stage. After gentle persuasion and polite requests failed, we decide that maybe "Mr. Righteous Scenester" may be a little too drunk to punk. Next thing you know, he's swinging at Komotion volunteers, and causing more turmoil and bullshit than any misguided soul has a right to. In the agonizing process of this man's ejection, guitarist Billy Karren of **Bikini Kill** vanished into the night, leaving the rest of the band to deal with a scary situation. As no one seemed ready to leave without catching the band they'd heard



Powell Art Show (photo: Sylvia Powell)

so much about in the *SF Bay Guardian*, the band played their "experimental" set, sans "normal" guitar player, thus pacifying the edgy crowd. Hopefully Mr. "You're either with me or against me" realizes that his personal brand of divisiveness is getting staler by the minute. After all, we're not in Kansas anymore...

If the *Filth* show suffered from not always having quite enough entertainment for the oversized crowd, the **Eco-Rap Dance Party** that followed it labored under the exact opposite constraints: fifty-plus performers, a humongous guest list and almost nobody paying! Still, we learned a lot



Eco-Rap Dance Party (photo: Annika Kahn)

about urban pollution and youth from the assembled hip-hop performers, and hopefully our collective atmosphere rubbed off on some of the kids as well. After each act performed its rehearsed numbers, the floor was opened up for spontaneous a cappella rapping, though I don't think that's what they called it. Though the quality of the acts was uneven, there were too many standout performers to name, even in this bloated report.

October 24th. . . a riot. **Five Year Plan's** flashes of urban blight and tragic beauty at the break of dawn. Changed the channel on **Rob Brezsny**; it was a rerun. **The Looters**, minus ailing drummer, swaying and straining to keep from floating to the ceiling on a relentless groove. Way too much beer.

Given the disturbing legacy of Idiot Flesh's annual Halloween party,

coupled with the inherent spookiness of the night before the Christian feast of All Hallows, some pretty wild vibes were bouncing around Komotion on the 30th. Fortunately, a blue-blazered, bespectacled Secret Service agent arrived on the scene to ease our fears—until the puppet show! I mean, Brain Jam were funky and clunky and scary in their way, but at least they kept infanticide and decapitation off the stage. Imagine Primus and Crash Worship performing Queen's "Bohemian Rhapsody," if you can and/or dare.

Election Night. As Americans made the political choice of being patronized by two men over being terrorized by two other men, Komotionheads resolved to be slammed, taunted and entertained by dykes and radical women. Despite sketchy sound, **Tribe 8**, **Mrs. Jones** and **Spokepoker** were happy (!) to oblige, rocking on in their

dispossessed abandon as Clinton and Gore's acceptance speeches gushed onto the screen behind them. (My, those boys have big . . . heads!) "Fuck Clinton!" cried a gravelly male patron, to which Tribe 8 singer Lynn Breedlove replied, "Why don't YOU?"

A more somber tone prevailed at the candlelit proceedings of Komotion's observance of the *Día de los Muertos*, a Native American holiday honoring the victims of white conquest. Long-time Komotion ally **Sal Garcia** designed a mural in our outer hallway for the occasion, reminding some of Komotion's cultural debt to its neighbors here in the Mission District, for whom the "Day of the Dead" carries special significance. An Aztec troupe

performed traditional dances, **Alejandro Murguía** offered moving poetry, and **Gerardo Navarro** presented a stunning multimedia performance work on the alienating experience of the Latino male, incorporating video, spoken word and live percussion. Flowers and incense were offered in place of a door charge as the candles burned down to quarter-sized circles of red wax along the pipes lining the hallway.

Say what you will about punks and hippies, but sometimes they really do stick together when it counts. The benefit was for the defense of **Joe Britz**, mild-mannered employee of Rainbow Grocery who could have been voted Least Likely to Rob and Pillage, on



Lynn Breedlove and Mahia of Tribe 8 (photo: Rick Seger)

armed robbery charges involving \$10 in quarters, and it drew an impressive roster of sympathetic alternative types, including **Naked Aggression** ("Kill the Rich!"), **The Parasites** ("La la, love ya"), **Taste Freeway** (Vrrrrooom!), **Spitboy** ("It's my right!"), and **J-Church** ("Yeah, yeah, yeah, it's all over"). As you can see, anything the evening lacked in diversity it more than made up for in intensity—a dangerous event, perhaps, but one we had no trouble remembering.



Kirsten Patches of Naked Aggression
(photo: Rick Seger)

The screening of three **Maya Deren** films—"Meshes of the Afternoon," "Ritual in Transfigured Time" and "Divine Horsemen: The Living Gods of Haiti"—kicked off yet another double-whammie weekend in our fair warehouse. The abstract, psychodramatic tone of the first two films provided an interesting frame of reference for the semi-narrative documentary style of "Divine Horsemen." More simply put, the whole event was *nifty-neat-o*.

Even Altamont had its moments, only this time we had no Hell's Angels. **Buck Naked** had died within hours, and the peripheral psychic bell toll rang heavy in the air. Like an epic poem it unfolded

uneasily gay, turned crisp and edgy round the edges and slowly devoured itself in the wheels of time and was folded, creased, spindled and mutilated to everyone's collective satisfaction and unconscious disagreement. **Zip Code Rapists** = broken glass; **Bogamils** = sensory underload; **Tilt** = comic punk explosion blast from the past; **Jack-O-Nuts** = thundering Georgia highway flood.

Till next time, if you don't like the reviewz, come out and write some of your own! (Say what? Is that a threat or a promise?)

—Li'l Mike and The Judge

ARTIST INFO

SCOTT DEY - As MCs from S.F. to Guerneville looked on, Scott's sophisticated take on urban pollution and decay was a highlight of our recent Eco-Rap Dance Party. An urban native himself, Scott knows whereof he speaks. Eco-Rap, you are indeed a monster! For information about Scott or other rappers, contact Annika Kahn through Komotion.

MARY ELLEN DONALD AND FRED SIMPSON - It has been said that rhythms, even sophisticated polyrhythms such as these, need no introduction or explanation, but contact Wayne Dean at the Komotion office if you really want one. In the meantime, close your eyes (unless you're driving), tap your feet and *listen*. Dueling djembes, anyone?

GENUINE DIAMELLES - Four voices, blending zany, brainy, no need to explain songs and performance (only the audio portion available here!) that graced our stage sometime in 1992. They have been very active around the Bay Area for a number of years and enjoy the respect and admiration of the legions of loyalists of the a capella vocal. (They write great songs, too!) They have at least one tape out of their material and they can be reached by calling Mark at (415) 563-7252.

GREEN DAY - On an infrequent goodwill mission to the West Bay, Berkeley's pop-punk answer to the Buzzcocks prove once again that all you need is love . . . and distortion. Gina Arnold says they're "rad." Do you feel the same . . . ? For information, contact Lookout Records at (510) 841-9042. Ask for the smart punx.

The DAT recordings on this sound magazine are done live by hanging two microphones from the ceiling of our performance space. What you hear is exactly what happened that night.

**This is our fifth
edition of the
sound magazine.
If your band or
performance
group is headed
to the Bay Area,
please contact
the Komotion
office at
(415) 861-6423.**

IDIOT FLESH - Komotion may be a far cry from the packed stadium that their chilling, bombastic sound seems to call for, but if the spirit is willing. . . . This cut is from the band's Halloween show, which left clouds of smoke, drops of fake blood and a few discarded earplugs in its wake. This ain't no disco.

THE LOOTERS - What can we say that hasn't been said? The ceiling sweat, the ties were loosened, the couch potatoes leaped to the dance floor — all good signs. All this with a drummer who called in sick? Heavens to Murgatroyd, even?

JULIE QUEEN - The slippery compositions of German tension-meister Kurt Weill represent a bit of uncharted territory for us, but as always Julie holds her own, accompanied here by pianist Mark Wyman. Watch for her return to Komotion in the spring with a possible a cappella performance.

SALSA 24 - ¡Muy Caliente! This group is very popular in the thriving Mission District salsa scene (and beyond . . .). They are young and full of enthusiasm for their music but they play with the confidence and groove of veterans. Everybody was on the floor dancing and sweating to this cut in particular (we could have included anything from this fine performance). For further info contact us at the Komotion office.

GEORGE SHRUB - Also known as Dave Lippman, this clown came to Komotion on the eve of the election, that we might lend him our ears and read his lips. Rumor has it that he's got a new album out, unless that was just a campaign promise. For info, write to P.O. Box 10764, Oakland, CA 94610.

A SUBTLE PLAGUE - Among Komotion's own family of bands and artists, this assemblage usually makes

greater use of guitars than on this cut. In fact, they are known for a veritable cascade of almost symphonic proportions in concert. But this cut was just too cool to pass up and shows another side of the bands' passion for music and life. To contact them call Komotion.

LUI WEI SHAN - This woman is a member of The Central Song and Dance Ensemble of China. She was generous enough to share a virtuoso performance on her instrument the *guzheng*. This is an extremely beautiful device that somewhat resembles a koto but has many more strings. It plays a role in traditional chinese music not unlike that of the piano — it is a wide-range solo vehicle or it can be part of orchestral works. We want to especially thank Gary Schwantes (who performed with Lui Wei Shan on other pieces) for bringing this special event to Komotion. For further info contact Gary at: (415) 431-6332.

**We hope you'll
enjoy the *Live
and Kicking*
series and
appreciate your
support. Your
suggestions are
welcome.**

KOMOTION KATALOG

KOMOTION International (the album). A collection of music and spoken word performances from some of the SF Bay Area's best! Diverse and provocative work by Alejandro Murguía, World Entertainment War, Po Go Bo, Penelope Houston, Peter Plate, Ogie Yocha, Snakewalk, Yeastie Girlz, Sister Double Happiness, Don Bajema, Beatnigs and Looters. \$9.00/£7.00 LP & Cassette

KOMOTION International II (the album, CD & Cassette). A year in the making! The latest collection of music and spoken word from emerging talents: Consolidated, Bedlam Rovers, Josef Brinckman, Sachiko, Fuzz Factor, Enormous Ensemble, Pamela Z, Vampyre Mike, Patricia Reagan, Michael Franti and Charlie Hunter, and more. \$12/£10 CD, \$9/£7 Cassette

KOMOTION International Magazine Issue #2. The first issue of Komotion International Magazine is sold out. A few number 2's are still available. Articles on the theme of culture and commerce, "fine art" and funk, "Hip" Pop and Power as well as poetry, record reviews and much, much more. \$3/£2

KOMOTION International Magazine Issue #3. Disinformation in the Information Age: topics include manipulation of public opinion through film and photography, the

Genome Project (to completely identify human DNA), plus the French Revolution — 200 years later, poetry, stories, artwork by Richard Olsen and others, and the ever popular "Newz and Reviewz." \$3/£2

KOMOTION International Magazine Issue #4. The End of History Extraordinary George Clinton interview, poetry from Claude Palmer and Adam Cornford, art by Chuck Sperry and Winston Smith, "Newz and Reviewz," Record Rants, stories, and mucho more. \$3/£2

The following Komotion Live & Kicking Sound Mags are a series of sound magazines that are both printed magazines and digitally recorded cassettes of live performances at Klub Komotion.

Komotion Live & Kicking Sound Mag #1.

The print magazine is 48 illustrated pages and includes an introduction by Mat Callahan, new fiction by Don Bajema, statements by a GI resister to the Gulf War and a political prisoner in the US, book reviews, "Newz and Reviewz," and more. The 60-minute cassette includes performances by Primus, Looters, Zvuki Mu (from USSR), Pamela Z, and nine other acts. Art by Freddie Baer, Voodoo Chile, the Culture Industry and more! \$9/£7

Komotion Live & Kicking Sound Mag #2.

The print magazine is 52 illustrated pages

with opinions and analysis of the Gulf War and resistance to it by Mat Callahan, Josef Brinckmann and others, fiction by Margot Pepper, memorial pieces to Jim Lindstrom, "Newz and Reviewz," and more. The 60-minute tape includes performances by Snakewalk, Citizen Fish, Chumbawumba, X-Tal, Franti and Hunter, Steve Yerkey and Chuck Prophet, and six other acts. Art by Sal Garcia and all the usual suspects. \$9/£7

Komotion Live & Kicking Sound Mag #3.

The print magazine is 60 illustrated pages featuring the first part of an exclusive interview with Riane Eisner (author of *The Chalice and the Blade*), an article by Robin Banks, poetry, "Newz and Reviewz," and more. The 60-minute cassette includes performances by The Ex, Beat Happening, Buckethead, Lights in a Fat City, Barbara Manning, and nine other acts. Art by Freddie Baer, Phil Lollar, and others. \$9/£7

Komotion Live & Kicking Sound Mag #4.

The print magazine is 56 illustrated pages with the concluding part of an exclusive interview with Riane Eisner, a portion of a script performed by Debbie Moore, fiction by Margot Pepper, "Newz and Reviewz," and more. The 60-minute tape includes Bedlam Rovers, Josef Brinckmann & the Conspiracy of Equals, MDC, Valerie Stadler, Strawman, and seven other acts. Art by Freddie Baer and Doug Minkler. \$9/£7

Native Tongue. Particularly appropriate in 1992! Multicultural voices of the post-Colombian "new world." Take a spoken word journey with the voices of Alejandro Murguia, Al Robles, David Volpendesta, Ana Castio, Q.R. Hand, Xam Cartier, Jack Hirschman, and Janice Mirikitani. Recorded at Komotion and embellished with full color graphics by Sal Garcia. \$9/£7 cassette

The Looters: Jericho Down. This 12 song album was recorded entirely at Komotion; it is a testament to the spirit that contributed to the founding of the collective and the determination to resist the forces of the dominant culture. Strong songs, upbeat world-inflected music, lots of three-, four-, and five-part vocals over rock solid rhythm section. \$12/£10 CD, \$9/£7 cassette

Flashpoint- The Video! Directed by Mary Liz Thomson, this is a full-length visualization of the world at flashpoint with the Looters' LP as the soundtrack. Colliding images and interviews with the band and others makes for must viewing. \$17/£16. (There is also available a documentary video about Komotion itself. For the cost of a blank VHS tape, reproduction, and shipping, we will copy and send.) *Please note: These are US video format only!*

From the Gallery: Should anyone wish to purchase any of the art shown at Komotion contact us and we'll put you in touch with the artist or artists.

In the U.S. send orders to:

Feed the Dog Distribution
535 Ashbury St. #1
San Francisco, CA 94117

In Europe send orders to:

AK Distribution
22 Lutton Place
Edinburgh, Scotland
EH8 9PE
Great Britain

All prices are postage paid.

MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

Komotion is an artists' collective, an alternative, an experiment . . . run by all-volunteer labor, we try to create an environment that inspires and informs. Besides being the home of some 40 musicians who rehearse and record here, our evening events are adventurous and bring forward special talent. We have presented music of all kinds, as well as poetry, performance art, film, video, dance, an art gallery, and hosted many benefits. A core of writers works on our magazine which provides a forum for debate around cultural and political issues.

MEMBERSHIP. Komotion has a current memberships of about 300 locally and another 100 or so internationally. At this point, our events are not "membership only" but becoming a member is an expression of support for a center of this kind. On our tenuous budget, we **need your support** to continue. Becoming a member means contributing money or something needed for the Klub's operation.

\$5 Membership. Receive monthly schedules in the mail (if we need to cut down on publicity, this will be an important way to find out what's happening), and your Komotion card gets you a **discount to shows** (except for some benefits and touring groups). Good for a year.

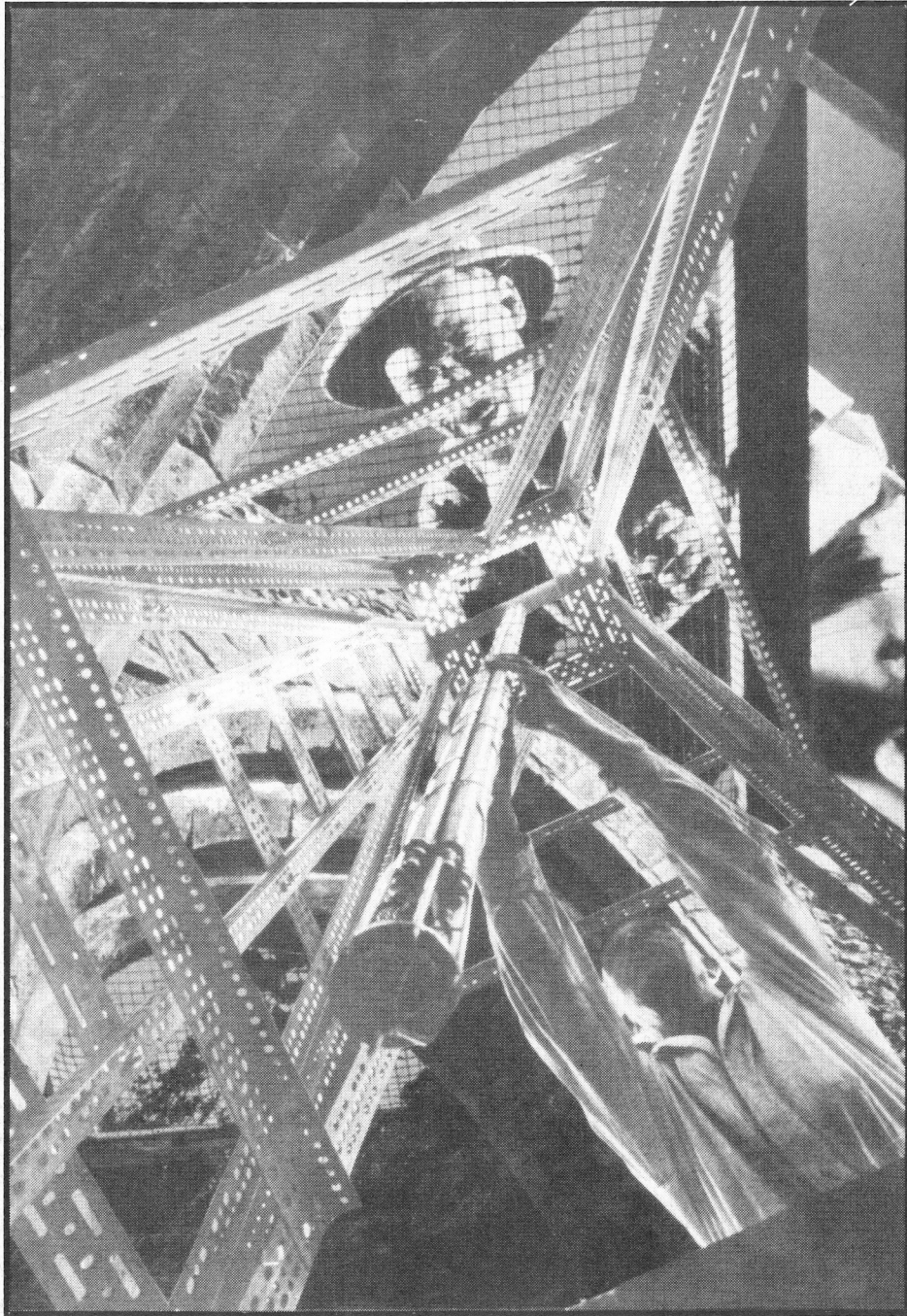
\$10 Membership. Includes the above plus a subscription to *Komotion International* magazine.

\$50 Membership. Includes the above, plus **free** admission to all events for a year. Primarily, it is for people who want to (and are able to) more fully support our efforts. This makes you a "sustaining" member.

(Donations of any amount are welcome and extremely helpful since we rely solely on your support. Make checks to "Komotion.")

How We Operate. Komotion doesn't pay the performers, except to cover their expenses. The door charge, drinks, etc., are so low that we can only cover the rent and basic expenses out of the events. Even without money, however, many new acts and established artists have chosen to perform here. Being artists ourselves, we put great care into the sound and other aspects of the facility, to create the best possible experience for performer and audience alike. The actual scheduling of events, editing of the magazine, etc., is done by committee in a kind of anarchistic fashion. We find things to be livelier with as few rules and policies as possible.

For more information,
call (415) 861-6423
fax (415) 431-6523
or write to us at:
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94141-0502



New Earth Press



Collage by Johann Humyn-Being